

Mickey Finn



MICKEY FINN

Adapted from
the famous newspaper comic strip

By LANK LEONARD



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"Where are we going?" asked Sunny.

MICKEY FINN

CHAPTER I

MICKEY'S FIND

It was late at night and so far there had been very few calls for Police Cruiser No. 23. With Tom Collins at the wheel, the squad car was moving slowly along a side street. Disgruntled at the lack of excitement, Tom

began to grumble a little: "Ho-hum! Things have been mighty quiet lately, Mickey."

"They sure have," agreed young Mickey Finn, Tom's buddy in the cruiser. "Sometimes I wish that I was back on my old beat again. Ridin' around like this is more than liable to make us a couple of softies."

At that moment their radio



"Things have been mighty quiet, Mickey."

receiver began to sound the warning signal. Then came the sharp voice of the announcer back at police headquarters: "Calling Car 23! Calling Car 23!"

Instantly Tom and Mickey were alert. The radio continued its chatter: "Calling Car 23 to the corner of Twelfth Street and Brunswick Avenue," came the message. "Report there to Cap-



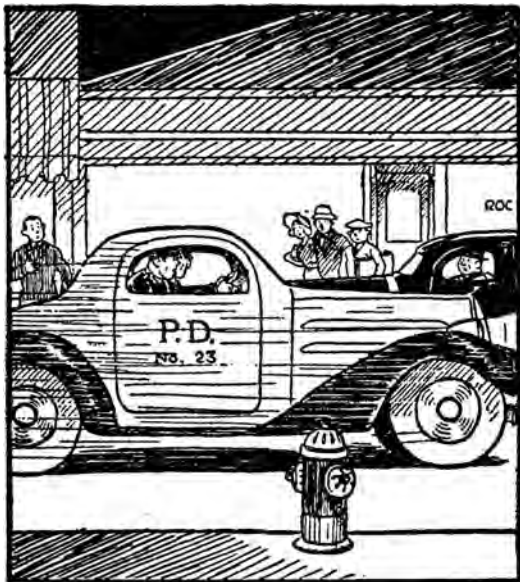
Instantly Tom and Mickey were alert.

tain Ketcham. Proceed quietly. That is all!"

"I wonder what's up now, Tom," said Mickey as the driver shoved the accelerator to the floor and Car 23 rapidly picked up speed.

"It sure sounds a lot like action, pardner," answered Tom. "Captain Ketcham commands the homicide squad."

In record time Car 23 arrived



Car 23 rapidly picked up speed.

at the corner of Twelfth and Brunswick.

“Over there’s Captain Ketcham, Tom,” said Mickey.

“Yeah. And he’s got a couple of detectives with him,” replied the driver.

As the squad car swung up to the sidewalk and stopped, Mickey put his head out of the window and asked: “What is it, captain?”



"What is it, captain?" Mickey asked.

“Park your car here and follow me!”

Tom and Mickey fell into step with one of the detectives, who briefly informed them concerning the case to which they had been called.

“You mean it’s Dixie Dixon that we’re after?” exclaimed Tom.

“Yes,” replied the detective, and went on to explain: “He’s

hiding out in an apartment building just around the corner. Room 38. We just got the tip."

"Now, men," began Captain Ketcham, halting his little squad for orders, "you all know Dixie Dixon. He's wanted for just about everything in the book. He'll probably want to fight it out, so listen carefully to every bit of your instructions."

In a moment a police sergeant

appeared to report: "Everything's ready, Captain Ketcham. I've posted three men in the rear of the building, and two more are on the roof."

"Okay, Sergeant Reardon. Let's go!"

Entering the lower hallway, the officers crowded up the stairs and paused before a door on the second landing.

"Lean against the walls, men.



The officers crowded up the stairs.

He may shoot through the door," said the captain as he knocked.

"If he opens, Finn, I want you to rush in!"

"Yes, sir."

"Get ready!" whispered the captain excitedly. "The knob is turning!"

Slowly the door opened, and Mickey, his service revolver clutched in his left hand, stepped



**"Get ready!" whispered the captain.
"The knob is turning!"**

into the doorway and glanced about to locate the wanted man. To his amazement, however, the only occupant of the room was the small boy in pajamas who had opened the door and now stood there in the bright light which shone in from the electric bulb in the hall.

“Hello,” said the tiny lad.

“What’s your name, little man?” inquired Mickey, stoop-



"Hello," said the tiny lad.

ing to talk to the little fellow.

“Billy Bright, but everybody calls me Sunny.”

“Who lives here with you, Sunny?” questioned Captain Ketcham, as Mickey took the small youngster up in his arms.

“My Uncle Joseph. But he musta gone out after he put me to bed.”

“His Uncle Joseph is Dixie Dixon, all right,” muttered Cap-



"Who lives here with you, Sunny?"

tain Ketcham. "Dixie's first name is Joe."

"And someone must've tipped him off that we were coming," said one of the detectives. "But I don't get the kid angle. Where in the world could Dixie—"

"Captain Ketcham," called the sergeant, "look at this!"

"What is it, Reardon?"

"This note—it's about the little fella."



**"Captain Ketcham," called the sergeant,
"look at this!"**

“Well, can you beat that!” exclaimed the captain as he read the scrawled note the sergeant handed to him:

“I know you coppers will find this. A friend tipped me off you were coming to get me.

“This kid is my sister’s. She died down South last winter. The kid’s old man is dead, too. Friends of hers that I don’t like had the kid, so I took him. I was going to leave him with some friends out West, but can’t now.

“So take care of him yourselves. Just don’t tell him his Uncle Joseph is

“Dixie Dixon.”

In a few minutes the officers tramped back down the stairs, Mickey carrying Sunny.

“Where are we going?” asked the little fellow, who had managed to dress himself—with a good deal of help from the young policeman.

“Down to headquart—er—ah—” Mickey stumbled over the explanation. “Down to meet a very nice man.”

"It's a shame, sir!" exclaimed Captain Ketcham, reporting to the police commissioner at headquarters. "He's a sweet little kid, too."

"Well, I'll have one of the matrons take care of him tonight. Bring him in."

But out in the waiting room Sunny had been making friends. He was wearing Mickey's cap, and asking many questions.



The captain read the scrawled note.

"You got dimples, ain't cha?" he said to Mickey, poking an inquisitive finger into his face.

"Tee-hee," grinned the young policeman. "I guess that's what they call 'em!"

Then the captain came out: "Okay, Mickey. The commissioner told me to bring him in."

"W-what do you think the commissioner will do with him, Sergeant Reardon?" inquired



"You got dimples, ain't cha?"

Mickey when the door had closed behind the boy.

“There’s only one thing he can do—put him in an orphan’s home.”

In a moment the young policeman tapped on the door, and it was opened by the captain. “What d’ ya want, Mickey?”

“C-could I speak to the commissioner—just for a minute, please?”



"O-could I speak to the commissioner?"

Then the police commissioner poked his bald head out of the door, and after Mickey had whispered busily to him, said:

“Well—ah—let me think it over just a minute, Mickey. Wait here.”

“What do you think of the idea, captain?” asked the commissioner when he had told Captain Ketcham the plan Mickey had whispered to him.



"What do you think of the idea, captain?"

“I think it’s swell!”

Once more the commissioner opened the door, this time to announce: “It’ll be okay, I think, Mickey—at least we’ll let it ride that way until we complete our investigation.”

“Oh, thank you, Mr. Commissioner,” exclaimed Mickey, grinning from ear to ear. “Thanks!”

Half an hour later Mickey



"Wait'll you see what I got!"

was tapping gently at the door of his mother's room.

“Is that you, Mickey?” she called.

“Yes, Ma. And wait'll you see what *I* got!”

CHAPTER II

UNCLE PHIL SUCCUMBS

Mickey's mother at once opened the door and came out into the hall to look at the child who was sleeping peacefully cuddled in her son's strong arms.

Quickly the young policeman told how he had found Sunny,

and asked his mother about keeping him.

“Oh, yes, Michael,” she exclaimed, “of *course* we’ll keep him! He’s such a darling—and besides he’s *so* tired.”

“He can sleep with me and Uncle Phil tonight,” Mickey planned, “and I’ll get a little bed tomorra.”

“But do you think that your bed is big enough for the three



"He can sleep with me and Uncle Phil."

of you?" she asked rather doubtfully.

"Oh, sure, Ma. I won't even have to wake up Uncle Phil. Good night."

But when Mickey had undressed the lad and put him into the bed, he found he had a problem to solve.

"Well, he ain't gonna have very much room, at that," murmured the perplexed young po-

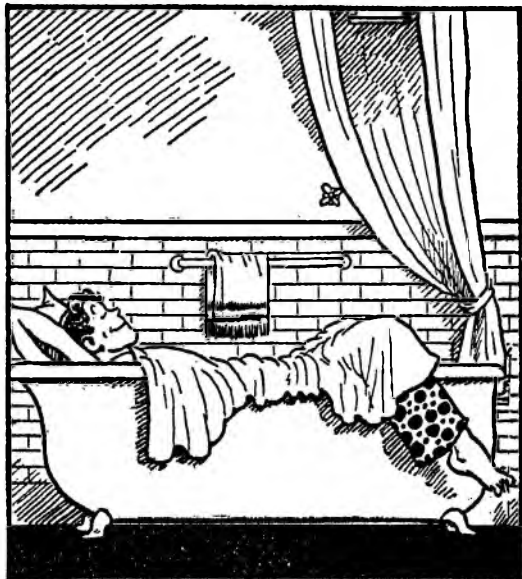


"He ain't gonna have much room, at that."

liceman, scratching his head vigorously.

And so, half an hour later, when his mother came to the door to find out how Mickey had managed, she discovered Sunny occupying Mickey's place in the bed beside Uncle Philip, while Mickey himself was cozily ensconced in the bathtub!

In the morning Mickey and



Mickey was cozily ensconced in the bathtub!

his mother talked things over a bit while he was at the breakfast table.

“He was sleeping when you came down, was he, Michael?” she asked.

“Sure! But just you wait till Uncle Phil wakes up and sees him—won’t he be surprised, though?”

Upstairs, in the meantime, little Sunny had awakened and sat



"Won't Uncle Phil be surprised, though?"

up in the strange bed to look around. For a moment he gazed in alarm at the sleeping buzz saw beside him, then sprang from the bed and fled down the stairs, yelling for his life: "There's a big monkey in my bed!"

Mickey took the frightened boy back to the bedroom and showed him what had terrorized him.



He gazed in alarm at the sleeping buzz saw.

“Now don’t be scared, Sunny,” Mickey quieted him. “It ain’t a monkey, see?”

But Uncle Phil immediately raised many serious objections to having little Sunny in the house, and while Mickey was finishing his meal, his mother said:

“I knew your uncle would be opposed to it, Michael. He’s never liked children—always

said they were a nuisance and an expense."

"Well, we're gonna keep him, Ma, whether Uncle Phil likes him or not," declared the young policeman.

Meantime, up in his room, little Sunny was watching Uncle Philip dress. As the old gentleman brushed his scanty hair, the youngster remarked admiringly:

“My, but you’ve got awful big muscles, ain’t cha?”

Uncle Phil turned to glare at the presumptuous child, but when Sunny added: “I bet that you’re one of the strongest men in the whole world,” the crusty old fellow’s ill nature vanished.

A few minutes later Mickey and his mother were surprised to see Uncle Phil hilariously carrying Sunny piggyback down the



"You've got big muscles, ain't cha?"

stairs and calling out jovially to them:

“Hi, down there! How’s our breakfast comin’?”

When Mickey came home at noon for lunch, the first thing he said was: “Hello, Ma—where’s Sunny?”

“Your Uncle Philip took him out for a walk.”

“But he oughtnta done that until we’d figured out exactly



"Hi, down there! How's breakfast comin'?"

what we're gonna tell people about him, so that they won't know where I got him."

"Don't you worry about that, Michael. Your uncle said that he knows just what he'll say if he's asked."

"Where did Uncle Phil take him—over to the park?"

"I suppose so. Anyway, he said they'd find a nice cool place."



"Where did Uncle Phil take him?"

Out for his first stroll with Uncle Philip, Sunny heard many bits of information that were entirely new to him. When two of the old gentleman's cronies began to inquire about the lad, Uncle Phil replied:

“His mother was the niece of my Aunt Fanny's cousin's husband by a previous marriage—so, of course, that makes me his great uncle!”



"So, that makes me his great uncle!"

“Oh, yes,” replied one of the men, “I see just how it is.” And both men were perfectly satisfied with the old gentleman’s glib explanation.

When one of his customers asked Mr. Clancy, keeper of the corner restaurant: “Do you think that Phil will chip in and help support the kid?” Clancy retorted:

“Don’t be crazy! Phil isn’t



**"Do you think that Phil will chip in
and help support the kid?"**

the one to chip in a dime to support himself!"

The good ladies of the neighborhood, however, were much more interested in Sunny than were the men.

"I'm surprised," said Mrs. Houlihan, "that Mickey's old uncle let him keep the child—he's *such* a tightwad!"

"And I said the very same thing the first minute that I



**"I'm surprised that Mickey's old uncle
let him keep the child."**

heard the news," replied Mrs. O'Leary. "Why, that old fossil is sure to begrudge the poor child every mouthful of the food it eats!"

On their way back from the park, Uncle Phil and Sunny stopped at a men's clothing store. "I wanta get him a new outfit from head to foot," said Uncle Phil, seating Sunny on the counter. "And I want the



"I wanta get him a new outfit."

best that you've got in the house."

Out in Squad Car No. 23 a few days later, Mickey reported to his pal Uncle Phil's change of heart:

"Tom," he laughed, "you just oughta see the way Sunny has won Uncle Phil over. Why, the two of them are real pals, already!"

"I'm sure glad to hear that,



"I'm glad to hear that, Mickey."

Mickey," answered Tom. "I was afraid that Phil would squawk. You see, it's gonna cost sumpin to raise a kid."

"Let's stop at the house for just a minute to see Sunny, Tom."

"That's okay by me. I ain't seen him since the night we found him."

The grinning young officers went into the house and Mick-



Mickey's mother directed them upstairs.

ey's mother directed them to the bedroom upstairs.

"Your uncle just took him up there to give him his regular nap," she told the two policemen.

"S-ssssssh," whispered Tom, following Mickey up the stairs on tiptoe. "Don't let's wake him up."

"We won't. I'll be awful careful."



Uncle Phil was snoozing on the bed!

When the officers peeped into the room, they discovered Sunny playing quietly on the floor with his toy train. And then they saw poor tired Uncle Phil snoozing comfortably on the bed!

CHAPTER III

UNCLE PHIL'S DISCOVERY

After having spent many years in an office, the everyday outdoor life with Sunny taxed Uncle Phil's powers of resistance. The boy could play hour after hour, but poor Uncle Phil would occasionally have to sneak away for a rest.

“Now, that’s funny, Ma,” said Mickey one day when the young policeman came in and found his uncle stretched out on the couch in the living room. “It seems to me that every time I come home these days I find Uncle Phil sleepin’.”

“He’s been playing with Sunny in the back yard,” Mrs. Finn explained, “and he’s all tired out.”



**"He's been playing with Sunny in the yard,"
Mrs. Finn explained.**

She led Mickey over to the window, and they glanced out at the small boy playing in his sand pile. Then she continued:

“I’m afraid Sunny gets lonesome when Philip isn’t with him, Mickey. And yet I don’t think it’s safe to let him out of the yard, for he might get lost.”

“We don’t wanta even think of that happenin’, Ma,” Mickey answered. Then he exclaimed:



"I'm afraid Sunny gets lonesome, Mickey."

“Say, Ma, I know just what I’ll do!”

As Mickey hurried out of the front gate, Sunny called after him: “Where are you going, Mickey?”

“I’m gonna get you sumpin to play with,” replied the young policeman, walking down the street very fast.

Presently he stopped in front of the office of the Municipal



"Where are you going, Mickey?"

Dog Pound, and knocked on the door. When the man in charge opened the door, Mickey asked:

“Have you got a dog that nobody wants?”

“I had one,” the man answered, “but I just put him in the gas chamber—he was only a stray mutt.”

When Mickey told the warden what he was looking for,



"Have you got a dog that nobody wants?"

they went over to the gas chamber and the warden unlocked the door.

“Do you suppose he’s been in there too long?” asked Mickey anxiously.

“I’m afraid he has, but we’ll soon know.”

As the door swung open, Mickey dashed inside.

“Hey, wait!” shouted the warden. “Let some of the gas get

out of there first—it might make you sick.”

“There ain’t no time to wait,” Mickey called back as he plunged a few steps farther, picked up the dog, and brought him out into the fresh, pure air, where the poor animal quickly revived.

Then Mickey took the dog home, called his mother and Uncle Phil, and led them out to

the back yard where Sunny was still playing.

Then Mickey put the animal down on the ground, and the dog immediately ran over to Sunny, who caught him up in a big hug.

“Do you like him, Sunny?” inquired Mickey, grinning with delight.

“Oh, Mickey,” cried the little fellow, clasping his playmate



"Do you like him, Sunny?" inquired Mickey.

close, "he's sure a wonnerful dog!"

Now, there had been such a change in Uncle Phil after Mickey brought home Sunny, the tiny orphan, that his neighbors and friends began to talk about it.

Mr. Clancy at the restaurant took occasion to remark:

"Is your Uncle Phil sick, Mickey? He ain't been in for a



"Is your Uncle Phil sick, Mickey?"

week. In fact, I seldom see him any more."

"Oh, no, Mr. Clancy. He's feelin' fine! I guess maybe he's been too busy mindin' Sunny to get over to see you much lately, though."

And a couple of neighbor women met on the street to talk about the actions of the old gentleman:

"My husband hasn't even



**"My husband hasn't even seen Phil
at the lodge lately."**

seen Phil at the lodge lately," said one. "Has yours?"

"No—but let me tell you the child won't keep him away from there tonight. They're havin' a special meeting—with lots of free refreshments!"

But when the meeting was open for business that evening, and the chairman asked: "Does anyone know why Phil couldn't attend and make his reports?" a



"He told me he had an important engagement."

member in the third row arose.

“He told me he had an important engagement,” he said.

However, one of the neighborhood gossips reported that she saw Uncle Phil that very night at a Wild West movie, holding little Sunny on his lap.

After taking Sunny home when the show was over, Uncle Phil dropped in for a chat with Mr. Clancy.



Uncle Phil and Sunny were at a movie.

“So Mickey got the youngster a dog, eh, Phil?” asked the restaurant keeper.

“Yeah,” Phil replied rather sourly. “It’s just a playful little mutt. If I’d had my way, I’d have got us a good watchdog.”

“Well,” yawned Mr. Clancy after a while, “it’s almost midnight, Phil—I think that I’ll call it a day and close up.”

“Okay, Clancy. Good night.”

Going up on the porch softly, Uncle Phil unlocked the door and tried to slip into the hallway. But there was a sudden growl, a snarl, a rush. And then as Uncle Phil scrambled up a porch pillar, something caught his coat tail and tore great pieces from it.

“Michael!” yelled poor old Uncle Phil, frightened half out of his wits, “*Michael!*”

“So Sunny’s dog mistook your Uncle Phil for a burglar last night?” laughed Tom the next evening when Mickey reported for work.

“Yeah,” Mickey grinned in reply. “But it won’t happen again, I bet you. We’re gonna keep him out in the yard. You see, Uncle Phil was buildin’ him a dog house out there when I started for work this afternoon.”



"Michael!" yelled Uncle Phil, "Michael!"

When Tom left Mickey at his front gate late that night, he said:

“Well, good night. Let’s hope it stops rainin’ before mornin’.”

“I sure hope it does,” answered Mickey, as the water streamed down from the rubber cover of his uniform cap and off the long slicker he wore.

Before going into the house, Mickey went around to the back



**"Well, good night. Let's hope it stops
rainin' before mornin'."**

yard to see how the dog was faring. He found him sitting just inside the door of his new house, shivering and wet.

“Poor old fella,” said Mickey, taking the dog up in his arms, while he examined the new dog house. “Why, the roof leaks, don’t it?”

Then he carried the dog into the house and put him in bed between himself and Uncle



"Why, the roof leaks, don't it?"

Phil. Through the long hours of that night, dog and men slept peacefully.

In the morning, however, Mrs. Finn mildly scolded her son.

“You shouldn’t have put the dog in your bed, Michael,” she said. “I can hear your Uncle Philip roaring now, and I must say that I don’t blame him for being mad.”



Dog and men slept peacefully.

“Aw, the dog didn’t keep him from sleepin’, Ma,” protested Mickey, taking a swallow of scalding coffee. “He woke up just now.”

Uncle Phil was indeed wide awake. He sat up in bed, clawing the back of his neck, and looking anxiously to see if he had caught anything.

Then he whirled and began to rub his left hand with his right—



"Aw, the dog didn't keep him from sleepin'."

brushing invisible things from his wrist.

Suddenly he focused his gaze and looked sharply at a small insect that had been dislodged by his vigorous brushing.

For a moment Uncle Phil stared with unbelieving eyes. Then suspicion became a certainty. He knew why his rest had been broken so many times after midnight.



"Michael! That dog has got fleas!"

Boiling over with righteous indignation, the old gentleman sprang out of bed, rushed to the head of the stairs, and yelled for his nephew:

“Michael! That dog has got fleas!”

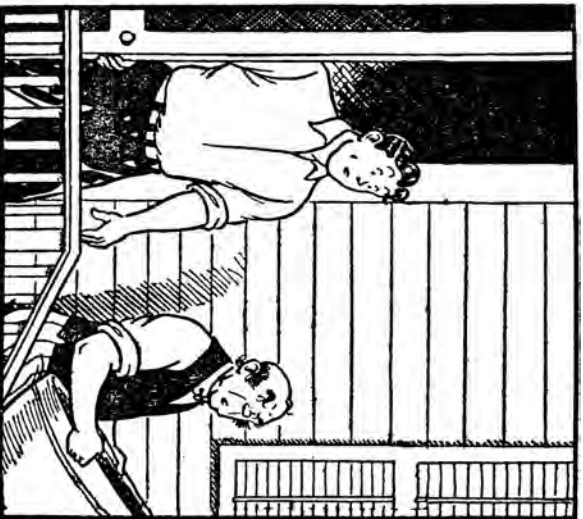
CHAPTER IV

"MAD DOG!"

After scrubbing himself thoroughly to remove any fleas that the dog might have left with him, Uncle Phil came grumblingly to his belated breakfast. During the meal he continued to express his dislike for fleas and for dog fleas especially.

As soon as he had finished eating, he went out on the back porch and began to make mysterious preparations. Mickey stepped out to see what was going on, and discovered his uncle carrying a large washtub down the rear steps and out into the vard.

"I'll wash the dog, Uncle Phil," the young policeman offered. "You don't hafta do it."



"I'll wash the dog, Uncle Phil."

“No, sir! I’ll do it meself,” retorted the elderly gentleman gruffly. “Then I’ll *know* he won’t be givin’ me any more of his pesky fleas!”

Uncle Phil placed the tub on a bench and filled it with water. Then he looked about for his victim, but the dog was nowhere to be seen.

At last, however, Sunny discovered his pet under the garage.



Sunny discovered his pet under the garage.

Uncle Phil lay down on the ground and reached for the dog, as Sunny laughed:

“He’s hidin’ ’cause I told him he was gonna hafta take a bath—he’s foxy, all right.”

“Say,” shouted Mickey, slapping his knee, “that’s a swell name for him, Sunny! We’ll call him Foxy.”

“I got him now,” puffed Uncle Phil, pulling Foxy out by a

leg. Then the dog was uncere-
moniously christened by being
dumped into the tubful of water,
and Uncle Phil began to scrub
him strenuously.

“Oh, be careful, Uncle Phil,”
begged Mickey, noticing the
animal’s pitiful appearance.
“You’re getting soapsuds in his
eyes.”

“Keep still!” snorted the old
gentleman disgustedly. “I’ll

have you understand that I was handlin' dogs long before you was born!"

Then Uncle Phil again soused Foxy in the water, but this time with such energy that he overturned the tub. The water spilled all over him, and he tumbled flat on his back.

Mickey snatched Sunny out of the way of the flood, but in the confusion Foxy disappeared.



"Keep still!" snorted the old gentleman.

Mickey helped to restore order in the back yard, Uncle Phil tugged the tub back to its place on the porch, and Sunny bemoaned the loss of his pet.

“Boo-hoo-hoo,” he howled, “Foxy’s runned away!”

“Now, now,” Mrs. Finn tried to comfort the sobbing boy. “Don’t cry, Sunny, for Michael’s gone after him and he’ll bring him back.”



**The water spilled over him, and he tumbled
flat on his back.**

Hurrying along the street, Mickey stopped a couple of small boys. He described Foxy, and ended by saying: "His face was all covered with soapsuds."

"Well," replied the boy with the freckled nose, "we ain't seen him, Mickey."

"But we'll be glad to help you hunt for him," added the lad with one tooth missing.

At that very moment Foxy was



"Boo-hoo," he howled, "Foxy's runned away!"

racing down a street only a short block away and creating enough excitement for a dozen big dogs instead of one small fellow.

For Mrs. McGuire, out on her morning tour of the markets, saw him—saw the foam-flecked jaws, saw the wildly rolling eyes, and immediately recognized the symptoms.

Dropping purse and parcels,



"E-e-e! Mad dog!" she screamed.

she dodged nimbly around the corner of Mr. Clancy's restaurant and dashed down the street screaming: "E-e-e! *Mad dog!*"

In front of Maloney's Dry Goods Store, Patrolman Barney O'Day stopped her. "What's the matter, Mrs. McGuire?" he inquired.

"It's a mad dog, officer. Shoo him away, or shoot him!"

"Which way did he go?"



"Which way did he go?" asked O'Day.

asked Patrolman Barney O'Day, drawing his revolver and glancing about alertly.

"That way—right down the street!"

Almost instantly the rumor spread that a mad dog was loose, roaming the streets and imperiling the lives of men, women, and children. Panic gripped everybody; and when they saw Foxy racing past, strong men



Panic gripped everybody.

climbed high board fences or fled across the street—anything to avoid the terrible dog with white foam covering his hairy face.

The fat butcher halted Mickey as he ran past. "Your dog's gone down that way," he said. "Officer Barney O'Day, the cop on this beat, just ran around the corner after him, Mickey."

"Thanks," gasped the young

policeman, sprinting after Sunny's pet.

But by this time hope was dying in Mickey's breast. "Such luck!" he panted. "Everybody thinks Foxy's mad, and Barney O'Day's the best shot in the police department. Poor Foxy—he's a goner!"

Far ahead Mickey saw Officer Barney O'Day raise his pistol, take aim, pull the trigger.

Bang! Bang!

The loud reports struck terror to Mickey's heart.

Then a man who brandished a stout club shouted: "Barney, the mad dog's runnin' out on the dock!"

"Swell," panted Officer Barney O'Day. "I'll get him easy now!"

Poor frightened Foxy, desperately fleeing from crowds of

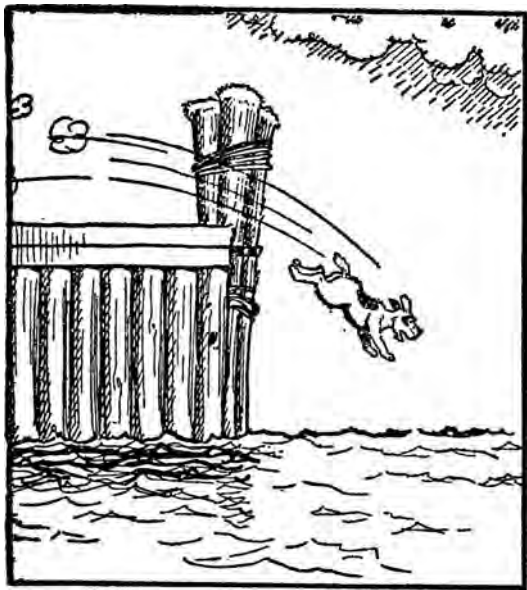


Barney O'Day pulled the trigger.

men and boys armed with sticks and stones, dashed to the very end of the long dock. Hesitating not an instant, he leaped far out, and plunged down, down into the water.

In another moment Patrolman Barney O'Day and the man with the club were scanning the surface of the harbor.

"He'll be a cinch to hit in the water," panted Officer Barney



He plunged down, down into the water.

O'Day, trying to regain his breath.

"There he is!" shouted the man with the club as he pointed to Foxy's head. The dog was struggling frantically to get far away from the dock.

Fortunately the water was very quiet. This enabled the swimming dog to make good time. On the other hand, the smoothness of the water made



The swimming dog made good time.

his head a clear target for the sharpshooter of the police department.

As Officer Barney O'Day braced himself against a pile and swung his revolver to firing position, Mickey dashed out on the dock, shouting: "Barney, *wait!* Don't shoot him!"

"It's Mickey Finn," said the man with the club. "He says to wait."



He swung his revolver to firing position.

“Wait nothin’,” roared Officer Barney O’Day. “When a dog’s mad, like that one is, we’re supposed to—”

As he was about to pull the trigger and end the dog’s life, Officer Barney O’Day was tackled from behind. His gun was discharged, but his aim was spoiled and the bullet went far astray.

Mickey had leaped past the



Officer O'Day was tackled from behind.

man with the club and had caught Officer Barney O'Day about the waist. The tremendous momentum had carried both men into the water.

Foxy heard Mickey's cry, and turned back to swim to the side of his friend.

As Officer Barney O'Day and Mickey came to the surface after their involuntary dive, Foxy swam close to the young



"See," said Mickey, "he ain't mad!"

policeman and joyously licked his face.

“See,” said Mickey to the discomfited Officer Barney O’Day, “he ain’t mad!”

There was a happy reunion in the Finn back yard. Sunny and Foxy romped together, while Mrs. Finn, Mickey and Uncle Phil looked on approvingly.

“So ya hadda buy O’Day a new gun?” asked Uncle Philip.



"Oh," she exclaimed, "that's our phone!"

“Yes,” replied the smiling young policeman, “but it was worth it. Just look at ’em play!”

“Oh,” exclaimed Mrs. Finn as she started toward the house, “that’s our phone ringing!”

CHAPTER V

IN CAMP AT TAKANAP

Mrs. Finn hurried into the house to answer the phone, leaving Mickey, Uncle Phil, Sunny and his dog Foxy in the back yard. As she put the receiver to her ear and called "Hello," a familiar voice answered.

“Why, it’s Kitty Kelly,” exclaimed the delighted Mrs. Finn, “are you in town? I thought you were still up at your Uncle Larry King’s summer camp.”

“I am, Mrs. Finn. But you see I didn’t get a letter from Mickey today, and I was afraid that something might be wrong in town.”

“Not a thing. Mickey’s right



"Mickey's right out here in the yard."

out here in the yard—I'll get him."

Going to the door, Mrs. Finn called: "Mickey! It's Kitty—she's at Lake Takanap, and wants to talk with you for just a minute or two."

"Boy, oh, boy!" shouted the young policeman, dashing up the back steps.

In the locker room at police headquarters the next day, he



"Boy, oh, boy!" shouted Mickey.

began to tell Tom Collins all about his telephone conversation.

“Yeah,” replied Tom, “I heard Kitty called you from Lake Takanap last night and asked you and your folks to come up and spend a while at her uncle’s camp. Are you goin’?”

“Sure! And was it good to hear her voice! It seems like



**"Yeah," replied Tom, "I heard Kitty
called you last night."**

she's been up there three years instead of only three weeks. I'd certainly like to go there now—only my vacation doesn't come till next month.”

“Well, Mickey, I'll tell you what let's do,” said Tom, opening his locker door to hang up his street suit. “I'll swap my vacation time the rest of this month for your time next month.”

“Say, Tom, that'll be great!



"Say, Tom, that'll be great!"

It'll be wonderful to be up there with Kitty!"

When the boys broached their plan to the police clerk, he approved, saying:

"Sure, fellas. And ya can leave right away if ya want to Mickey."

The young policeman rushed home to break the news. His mother immediately began getting out the suitcases as she said:



"Ya can leave right away, Mickey."

“I’ll have everything packed in a jiffy, Michael. Do you suppose that you can find your Uncle Philip so he can get ready?”

“You bet!”

Making the rounds of Uncle Phil’s cronies, Mickey finally found the old gentleman at Mr. Clancy’s restaurant. Mr. Clancy was saying:

“Huh? You’d spend a vaca-

tion at one of the lakes quick enough, if it wasn't gonna cost you anything!"

"Not me, Clancy," declared Uncle Phil, shoving his old brown derby over to the side of his head and speaking indignantly. "Anybody that leaves the comforts of home to be ate up by the bugs and the mosquitoes is a chump, and moreover—"

“Come along, Uncle Phil,” interrupted Mickey. “We’re just starting for Lake Takanap.”

“Lake Takanap?” questioned Uncle Phil as he hurried along the street, trying to keep in step with his tall nephew.

“Sure! We’ll stop at a hotel tonight, and I’ll rent a bungalow tomorrow.”

Right after dinner, with

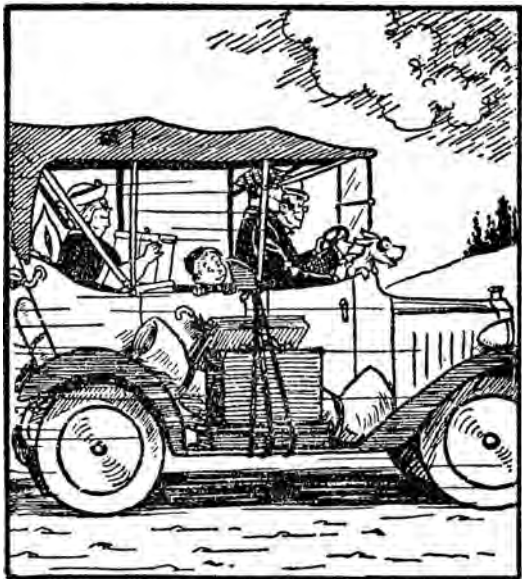


"I'll have everything packed in a jiffy."

Uncle Phil at the steering wheel of his old jalopy and the rest of the family piled in the car among their belongings, the start was made for the vacation at Lake Takanap.

Despite several annoying mishaps, they made good time. Uncle Phil estimated they would arrive in about four hours.

Finally they stopped to inquire the way, just to be quite



The start was made for Lake Takanap.

sure that they were on the right road.

“Naw,” replied the old farmer who was imparting information to them. “You shoulda turned left about five miles back—this road takes you to Lake Idylde-wylde.”

“I told you so!” grumbled Mickey, greatly disappointed. “And I told Kitty that we’d be out there at the lake for supper!”



"You shoulda turned left five miles back."

“We will,” declared Uncle Phil, taking a firmer grip on the steering wheel and stepping viciously on the accelerator. “When I tell this car to step along, it steps!”

At the next filling station Mickey phoned to the waiting girl.

“I hope that you have no more bad luck,” Kitty said. “I can hardly wait until you get here.”

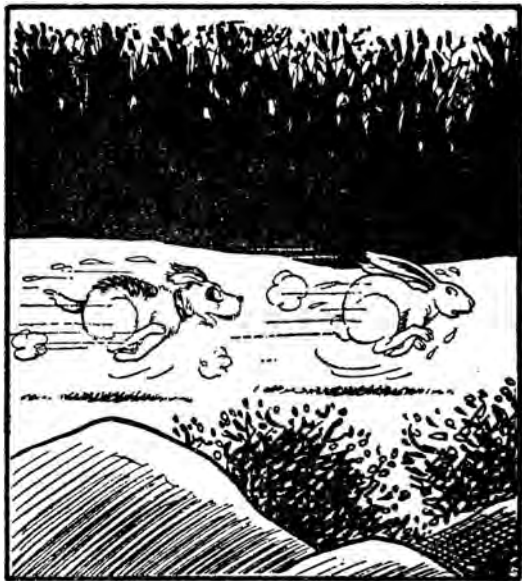


**"When I tell this car to step along,
it steps!" declared Uncle Phil.**

“Don’t worry, Kitty. We’re coming along all right now, and won’t lose any more time. Good-bye.”

Then running out to the car, he shouted: “All right. Let’s go!”

“But we can’t yet, Michael,” answered his mother, pointing to Uncle Phil, who was whistling shrilly. “Foxy chased a rabbit into the woods over there



"Foxy chased a rabbit into the woods."

on the other side of the road.”

After a half-mile hike through the hills, Mickey and Uncle Phil located Foxy sitting proudly in front of a rabbit’s hole.

“Of all the dumb mutts!” the old gentleman spluttered. “We had oughta go on to the lake without him!”

“Aw, Uncle Phil, I wouldn’t do a thing like that. Come here, Foxy!”

But when the men were ready to go back to the car, they discovered that they had forgotten the way.

“Shoot the pup!” exclaimed Uncle Phil in his exasperation. “We’re lost!”

“Oh, we can find our way back easy,” said Mickey. “I guess we came that way. See how hard Foxy’s pulling on his rope.”

Following the lead of the dog, the men soon sighted their car standing in front of the filling station.

“He was right, Uncle Phil,” cried Mickey. “Look!”

“He found it in spite of himself,” grumbled Uncle Phil, footsore and tired after the long tramp over the rough ground.

Rattling along the unpaved road, the travelers became more

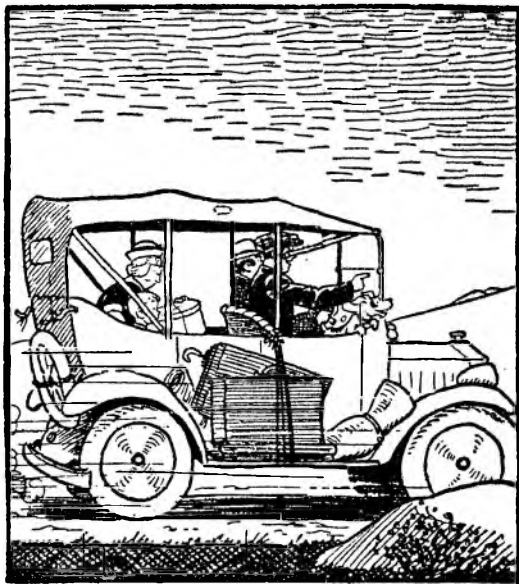


"He was right, Uncle Phil. Look!"

cheerful as they approached the end of their journey.

“We’ll be there in a few minutes, Ma,” said Mickey at last. “Over there’s the lake, and Kitty said her uncle’s camp is right around this next bend in the road.”

“The air up here is sure swell,” said Uncle Phil, sniffing the pine-scented breeze. “I’ll be able to catch up on some of the



"We'll be there in a few minutes, Ma."

sleep I've lost account of that pesky dog and his flock of hungry fleas."

"There's Kitty," exclaimed Mickey suddenly, "waitin' at the gate!"

"Hold tight," yelled Uncle Phil as Mickey opened the car door. "What ya tryin' to do—upset us?"

"I'm going to run ahead and say hello to Kitty."



Mickey raced ahead.

“Stay right where you be. I’m gonna step on the gas, and you might get run over and killed!”

Heedless of the old gentleman’s advice, Mickey sprang from the moving car, raced ahead, and caught Kitty in his arms.

While waiting on the porch for the supper Mrs. Finn was preparing, Mickey and Kitty sat on the big settee, and he told



"I couldn't let them put him in a home."

her about Sunny, who was playing with Foxy.

“I couldn’t let them put him in an orphan’s home,” he said earnestly.

“Oh, you darling,” exclaimed Kitty, looking up at the tall young fellow with adoring eyes, “you’re so sweet!”

CHAPTER VI

TROUBLE AT TAKANAP

For a few days life at Lake Takanap was idyllic for the folks from the city. Mickey and Kitty took Sunny bathing every day, trying to teach him to swim. Mrs. Finn sat on the shore under a big sun umbrella, and Uncle Phil dozed and rested by turns

in the hammock, while Larry King read his newspaper and smoked his pipe near by.

“If the gang at Clancy’s could only see you now, eh, Phil?” grinned Larry one afternoon.

“You said it! They’ll be green with envy when Clancy shows ’em the post card I sent him last night,” chuckled the old gentleman.

In the afternoon while Mrs.



They took Sunny bathing every day.

Finn was baking a cherry pie, Larry stopped to chat a moment with her.

“This vacation will do Mickey a lot of good, Mrs. Finn.”

“Yes, indeed, Mr. King. And little Sunny, too. It’s so quiet and peaceful here.”

Meantime Uncle Phil and Sunny, who were wading in the shallow water, were discussing an important question: “But,



Mrs. Finn was baking a cherry pie.

Uncle Phil," said the little chap, "if you can swim so good, why do you only go in paddlin'?"

"Why, ah—I wouldn't have any fun in this lake, Sunny," answered the old gentleman. "I only swim in the big ocean."

And far out on the smooth lake, Kitty sat in the bow of the canoe, while Mickey swung the paddle.

"Mickey, darling," said the



"Why do you only go in paddlin',
if you can swim?"

girl, with a troubled air, "do you think that crook, Dixie Dixon, might try to get Sunny back some day?"

"No, Kitty. Every cop in the country is looking for him, and Sunny'd only be in his way. We'll never hafta worry about him!"

But back at Clancy's restaurant other plans were hatching. One of his customers gazed at

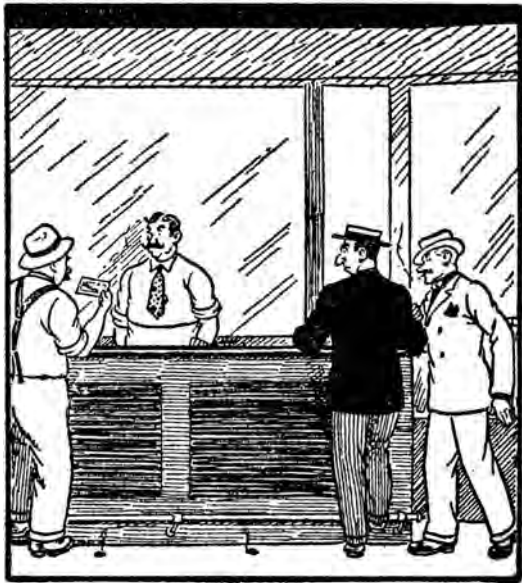


"Do you think that crook might try to get Sunny back?" said the girl.

the post card and remarked: "So Phil is up at Lake Takanap, eh, Clancy?"

"Yes, with Mickey's mother and the kid. They're stayin' at Larry King's camp."

Two strangers loitering in the restaurant looked quizzically at Clancy for a moment, then the one wearing a white Palm Beach suit muttered: "Let's get going!"



Two strangers loitered in the restaurant.

Slipping quietly into a drug store, the white-dressed fellow entered the phone booth while the one dressed in black kept watch just outside.

“Gimme long distance,” said the fellow who was inside the phone booth.

In a moment the hook-nosed watcher at the door overheard a harsh voice growl through the phone: “I don’t care who’s got

him or where he is. Get him and bring him to me!"

"Okay, Dixie," replied the man in white, banging the receiver back on its hook.

"But how are we gonna find out where this guy King has his camp, Frankie, if we don't ask somebody?" demanded the man in black as the two scoundrels strolled out of the Takanap Hotel the next morning.

“Easy! I noticed something comin’ up from the station last night,” replied his companion.

Walking across the street, Frankie, the man in white, spoke to the driver of a car bearing a “For Hire” sign.

“We just want you to drive us around the lake—we wanta admire the scenery.”

“Okay,” said the driver, taking in the sign.



"Gimme long distance," said the fellow.

Presently the man in black glanced from the window and remarked: "They're in front of all the houses, ain't they?"

"Sure. We can't miss. *There it is!*"

Standing at the entrance of the drive which led back to Larry's cottage was a mail box. And on its side in plain black letters was painted: "L. King."

Concealed by a patch of



"Sure. We can't miss. There it is!"

bushes, the two suspicious fellows began to watch the King cottage through an old telescope.

“Say,” said the man in white, “this looks like the break we’ve been waitin’ for.”

“What is it?”

“The old guy is goin’ some place in that jalopy, and he’s takin’ the kid with him!”

And he described what was



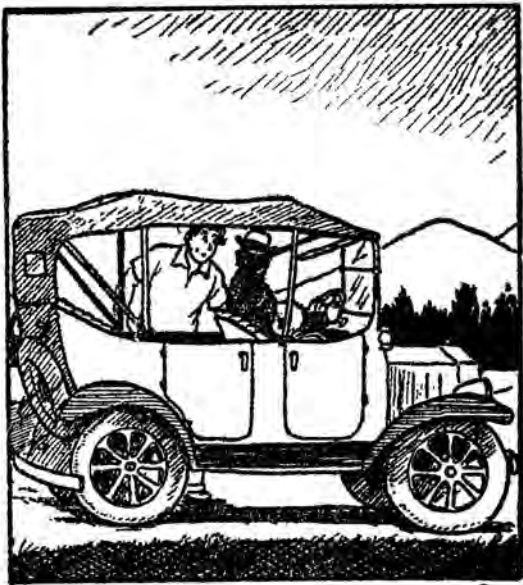
"Say," he said, "this looks like the break
we've been waitin' for."

really happening at the camp. For Uncle Phil and Sunny were in the car, while Mickey stood beside it, saying:

“Uncle Phil, I don’t think you oughta take Sunny down to the post office with you.”

“Why not?” demanded the old gentleman peevishly. “I’ll be back inside of an hour.”

But he was a mile or more from the post office when a large



"I don't think you oughta take Sunny."

car came up beside the jalopy, then cut in and forced it off the road.

“Pull over to that lane,” shouted the black-coated man, pointing a revolver at Uncle Phil.

The old gentleman did as he had been ordered, then stopped his car and climbed out to confront the fellow.

When Uncle Phil hesitated to



"Pull over to that lane," shouted the man.

obey and Sunny looked on in amazement, the gunman hissed: "You heard me—we're takin' that kid!"

"Over my dead body you are!" And then Uncle Phil lashed out with his right fist, and the villain caught the blow on his chin.

But his evil companion had now come up, and before Uncle Phil could defend himself, the

second desperado, the man in white, knocked the poor old man senseless.

And then the two gangsters brought Sunny from the old car and carried him away in their machine. Uncle Phil, bruised and unconscious, was left lying beside the jalopy.

An hour later two country lads returning from a successful fishing expedition were alarmed

by a strange noise back in the bushes.

"D-did you hear that, Elmer?" asked one, halting his young friend.

"Yeah. I-it sounded like somebody groanin'—there it is again!"

Step by step the boys stole through the bushes, seeking the source of the strange noise. And there they at last discovered



Uncle Phil lashed out with his fist.

Uncle Phil lying as the hoodlums had left him, groaning weakly from time to time.

While one of the boys ran to the village, the other stood in the middle of the road, waving his old straw hat and yelling, "Stop! Stop!"

When Uncle Phil and little Sunny did not return promptly, Mickey was disturbed and began to fret.



"Stop! Stop!" he yelled.

"Kitty," he said to the girl as they gazed anxiously down the road, "I'm getting worried. Uncle Phil said he was just gonna get the mail and come right back. Something musta happened to him."

"I'll call the post office," said Larry, "and see if he got there, Mickey."

After asking a few questions, he turned to the others and re-

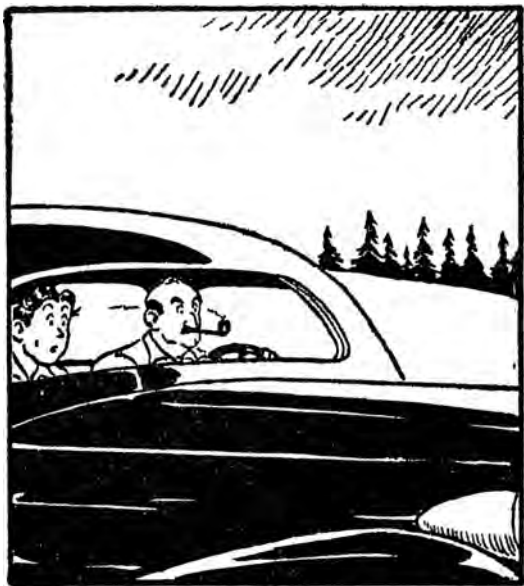


"I'll call the post office," said Larry.

peated the postmaster's reply:

"Uncle Phil hasn't been to the post office. The postmaster says if he had been there, he'd have seen him. His car must've broken down. Come on, we'll take my car and see if we can find out what's happened."

"We're almost to town," said Mickey a few minutes later, "and no sign of Uncle Phil or Sunny yet."



"No sign of Uncle Phil or Sunny yet."

"Somebody may have towed him down to a garage," replied Mr. King. Then he yelled: "Say—look at that boy in the middle of the road!"

"We thought he'd been killed at first," gasped the lad, running along beside Mickey and leading the young policeman to his injured uncle.

"Uncle Phil," cried Mickey as he knelt beside the stricken



"Uncle Phil, where's Sunny?"

man and raised his battered head. "Uncle Phil, where's Sunny?"

"I think I know what's happened, Mickey," said Mr. King, laying his hand on the young man's shoulder. "Let's get him home."

In his cool bed, Uncle Phil, all patched and bandaged, was at last able to tell fragments of his story.



**"The kid was all they were after,"
gasped Uncle Phil.**

“They were two of Dixie Dixon’s thugs, all right,” he gasped. “And the kid was all they were after.”

CHAPTER VII

MICKEY GETS HELP

"Poor little Sunny," sobbed Kitty, clasping Mickey's arm.

"I'll get him back if it's the last thing I ever do!" declared Mickey, with clenched fists and flashing eyes.

True to his promise, Mickey at once began the task of track-

ing down the men who had committed this crime. He and Mr. King visited the headquarters of the local unit of the State Highway Patrol.

When the officer on duty asked for identifying characteristics, Mickey said:

“My uncle told us that one of the men had a black mustache and was wearing a white Palm Beach suit.”



"I'll get him back!" declared Mickey.

"That'll help us," replied the officer, "and a car with two men and a little boy should be easily spotted."

Somewhat comforted, Mickey and Larry reported back home that the Highway Patrol had descriptions of the two criminals, and that they were sure of an early arrest.

But how could they know that the bandit car had stopped on



"That'll help us," replied the officer.

a side road, and that the man in white had changed the plain Palm Beach suit for one adorned with lively checks? That he had shaved off the black mustache, and that even his partner in crime had said admiringly: "You think of everything, don't you, Frankie?"

"Yeah," growled Frankie in surly response. "And I just thought of sumpin else. From



"You think of everything, don't you?"

here to the state line you and the kid are ridin' in the trunk in back."

From the car window poor Sunny watched the changing of clothes, the shaving, and the talking of the men. But not until they returned to the car did he know what was to happen to him.

Then Frankie opened the rear compartment, and the other fel-



"Watch his head, and see that he don't yell."

low climbed in and took the lad in his arms.

As Frankie was about to close the lid, he said: "Watch his head, and see that he don't yell."

"And you see that we don't hit any bumps," replied his scowling companion as he tried to fit himself to the narrow space.

A State Highway Patrol officer was receiving a message as



The bandit car drove past unhurriedly.

the bandit car, driven by a smooth-shaven man who was wearing a checked suit, drove past unhurriedly.

"Two men and a little boy," the patrolman repeated the description, while the car passed over the brow of the hill.

That evening Mr. King and Mickey visited the station again, and for hours Mickey stayed there waiting for some report

that might tell of Sunny's rescue. It was past midnight when Mr. King said:

"You oughta go home and get some sleep, Mickey. They'll call you if they find him."

"No, Mr. King," said Mickey, far too anxious to sleep or even to rest, "you go, so that Ma and Kitty won't be nervous. But I'll wait here. I—I couldn't sleep, anyway."

Hourly throughout that long night pairs of patrolmen on motorcycle duty on the dark roads reported to their chief by phone. "They never stopped for gas. We've checked all the filling stations along the roads."

And always they received the same sort of orders: "Keep watching the Takanap Turnpike. And tell Smith to cover the Old Lake Road."



"You oughta get some sleep, Mickey."

Before the patrolmen started out again, they talked together for a few moments:

“Something tells me they’re over the state line right now,” said one.

And his comrade agreed: “Yeah! They had too big a start on us, I guess.”

As the morning sun was peeping over the hills, a kind-hearted officer brought Mickey, weary,



The patrolmen talked for a few moments.

and disheartened, back to Takapuna Lake and the King cottage. There he was met by Kitty.

“Darling,” said the waiting girl, “any word?”

Mickey stumbled as he left the car. Shoulders sagging, heart heavy, he replied with one word: “No!”

But after some food and a rest of a few hours, Mickey’s spirits revived. He thought of a plan,



"Darling," said the girl, "any word?"

and told it to his friends. Then his mother packed his suitcase, and just after noon he went slowly out to the car where Larry waited for him.

Kitty walked by his side, and as he reached the car he said to her:

“You understand, don’t you, dear?”

“Of course, darling!”

After a mile or two of silence,



"You understand, don't you, dear?"

Larry said: "But supposing the commissioner won't let you, Mickey?"

"He's gotta let me, Mr. King. He's just *gotta!*"

When the two men walked into the Executive Offices of the Police Department back home, the sergeant on desk duty exclaimed:

"Why, hello, Mickey Finn! I thought you were up at Lake



"But supposing he won't let you, Mickey?"

Takanap on your vacation!"

"I was, sergeant, but I came down to see the commissioner—it's awful important. Do you s'pose he'll see me?"

The sergeant disappeared into the inner office, then almost at once reopened the door to call:

"He says he'll see you right now, Mickey."

Standing before his superior officer, Mickey related what had

happened at Lake Takanap. He also told of his plan for catching the criminals and for rescuing Sunny.

“And so you want a leave of absence to find the boy?” asked the commissioner.

“Yes, sir. Them fellas musta taken him to Dixon. And I’ll find Dixon if you’ll only give me the chance.”

“But Mickey,” protested the

commissioner, "every police unit in the country has been trying to find Dixie Dixon for months—and they have failed."

"I know, sir—but I'll find him!"

"Let's talk with Captain Ketcham—get his slant on the idea," suggested the commissioner.

At first the captain agreed with the commissioner that it



"He says he'll see you right now, Mickey."

would be useless for Mickey Finn—a squad-car man—to try to do what so many experienced detectives and policemen had failed to do. But the young policeman's insistence finally won.

After a talk with Mr. King, the commissioner said: "There's a lot in that, King. Call Mickey in."

Then he informed the young



"Call Mickey in," said the commissioner.

policeman that he had permission to hunt for Dixie Dixon and to rescue Sunny, if such a thing were at all possible.

“I’ve decided to gamble on your determination, Mickey,” the commissioner said. “And Captain Ketcham will help you as much as he can.”

In the outer office Captain Ketcham said: “I might have Jack Gorman work with you,



"Captain Ketcham will help you."

Mickey. You know he's one of my best men."

"Well, sir," began Mickey. "But I—I was hoping I could have somebody else, captain."

"Who, for instance?"

"Why, my—" the quick opening of the outer door interrupted Mickey's reply. But as the young policeman saw who was coming in, he exclaimed: "Why, *here he comes now!*"



"Hi ya, pardner!" shouted Tom Collins.

“Hi ya, pardner! They just told me downstairs that you was up here!” shouted Tom Collins, as he rushed over to shake his buddy’s hand.

CHAPTER VIII

A FALSE LEAD

Mickey Finn, Tom Collins, and Larry King went into a huddle to devise ways of solving some of their puzzling and difficult problems—problems that had proved too tough for many of the shrewdest detectives in the country.

After a long talk, the three men decided that they should first of all try to identify the men who had carried Sunny away from Lake Takanap. Mickey made the suggestion.

“Of course it’s only an idea,” he said.

“Yeah,” agreed Tom, “but it’s worth tryin’, Mickey.”

The young policeman went over to the phone. “What’s the



"What's the number again, Mr. King?"

number again, Mr. King? I always forget."

"Lake Takanap 3527."

At the King cottage Mrs. Finn received the call, then asked Kitty to talk with Mickey.

"Uncle Phil might help us a lot, Kitty," said Mickey's voice. "Is he strong enough to come down?"

"I'm afraid not, Mickey. The doctor said he should stay in



"The doctor said he should stay in bed."

bed for another week at the very least."

The testy old gentleman overheard Kitty's end of the conversation and caught the drift of the discussion. Climbing stiffly out of bed, he pushed the girl from the phone and yelled into it: "I'll be down on the next train!"

"Hello, Uncle Phil," cried Mickey when the boys met him



"I'll be down on the next train!"

at the train. "I'm glad you were able to come. How do you feel?"

"Never you mind how I feel!" growled the old gentleman, whose brown derby was stuck on top of the bandages which encircled his head. "What can I do to help us get Sunny back?"

"We want you to identify the men who slugged you and took Sunny," replied Mickey, lead-



**"Never you mind how I feel!" growled
the old gentleman.**

ing Uncle Phil into the Rogues' Gallery. "Are you sure you remember what the two men looked like?"

"I didn't get a good look at the one that hit me," snorted Uncle Phil, "but I'll know the puss of the one *I* hit."

As the four men walked up and down the gallery looking at the display of photographs, Mickey remarked: "We found



"I'll know the puss of the one I hit."

that Sam Chiselem was a crook this way. I only hope—”

“There he is!” shouted Uncle Phil, pointing to the photograph of a scowling individual. “That’s the fella!”

When Captain Ketcham visited the police commissioner and was shown the photo that Uncle Phil had identified, he was amazed.

“You mean that Toledo Tony

is a member of Dixie Dixon's gang?" he asked.

"That's right. Mickey's Uncle Phil positively identified that Rogues' Gallery picture as one of the men who stole the child from him."

"Well, I'll be—" began the captain, then paused to hear what more the commissioner might have to say.

"Mickey and Tom are en

route to Toledo right now, hoping Tony headed there. It may be a wild-goose chase, but they just might pick up a clue."

On the Pullman that night Tom said: "I guess we've talked over all the angles we can think of, pardner. Let's hit the hay."

"Okay," answered Mickey, gazing abstractedly out into the blackness. "But I wonder where Sunny is sleeping tonight."

No. G-553,540,927



ANTHONY RAVIOLA
ALIAS
'TOLEDO TONY'
BANK ROBBER-THUG-BURGLAR

DESCRIPTION — 40 YEARS OLD

HEIGHT 5'10" WEIGHT 175 LBS. EYES BROWN
HAIR BROWN BUILD MEDIUM

"There he is!" shouted Uncle Phil.

And later, lying in his berth, the young policeman concluded his prayer: "Please, Lord, help me find him. Amen."

As soon as the boys arrived in the Ohio city, they began to ask questions. Mickey quizzed the driver of the taxi that took them to their hotel: "Did you ever hear of a fella they call Toledo Tony, driver?"

The man shook his head. "I



"I wonder where Sunny is sleeping tonight."

don't know many people here, mister. I'm from Brooklyn."

When he was registering at the hotel desk, the young policeman suggested to the haughty room clerk: "He's called Toledo Tony—I just thought maybe you knew him."

"Well, hardly," was the chilly reply. "*Front!*"

As Mickey was tipping the colored lad who guided them to



"Well, hardly," was the chilly reply.

their room, he took occasion to inquire: "Have you ever heard of Toledo Tony, boy?"

"No, suh. Ah'm workin' mah way through college, suh. Thank you, suh!"

"Jeepers!" exclaimed Mickey as the boys were about to start for police headquarters, "maybe he ain't as well known here as we thought, Tom."

"Well, we'll go on down to



"Ah'm workin' mah way through college."

headquarters anyhow, pardner. They'll be sure to have sumpin on him."

"Our commissioner gave us this letter to your chief," said Mickey, after the boys had introduced themselves to the desk sergeant.

"Okay. He's in his office, right across the hall."

When the young officers had presented their letter and ex-



"He's in his office across the hall."

plained their errand to the chief, he said: "Sure we know Tony Raviola. But we didn't know he'd hooked up with Dixie Dixon's mob."

"That's why I gotta find him," said Mickey. "He musta taken Sunny to wherever Dixon is hiding. And it might be right around here."

"I doubt it, Finn. We ran Tony out of town years ago.

But I'll have Inspector Shields help you check up on him."

As the boys were leaving with the inspector, the chief called: "Don't forget Dutch Louie, inspector. He might've heard something."

In the first joint they visited, the inspector chatted for a moment with a seedy-looking individual who was draped over the bar, then he inquired cas-

ually: "By the way, Nick, where's Tony Raviola these days?"

"Tony, huh?" grunted the fellow. "I'd like to know myself. He owes me plenty of dough."

In a pool room the boys' escort spoke to a man handling a cue: "Do you know if any of the boys have heard from Tony Raviola lately, Slick?"



"Where's Tony Raviola these days?"

"I don't know nothin' about nobody, inspector," was the curt reply. "That's why I stay so healthy."

At Dutch Louie's place the big proprietor replied: "Naw! If Tony was hidin' out here, though, I'd have heard."

"Okay, Louie."

Out at the curb, the inspector hailed a cab. "There's no use wasting any more time, boys,"



"If Tony was hidin' here, I'd have heard."

he said. "You're just on the wrong scent."

"Well, thanks for all the trouble, anyway," said Mickey as the inspector got into the cab. "Good night."

When the cab had whirled the officer away to headquarters, Mickey said:

"Tom, I think that inspector kinda rushed things. I'll bet there's a lotta places he could've



"No use wasting any more time, boys."

taken us where we mighta found out sumpin.”

“Let’s mosey around by ourselves,” suggested Tom. “He’ll never know.”

While eating a sandwich at the very first place they decided to visit, the boys were accosted by a pair of tough-looking men.

“We don’t like strangers comin’ in here and askin’ questions,” growled one.



"Let's throw 'em out!"

“Let’s throw ’em out!” was the suggestion made by the other tough.

In another moment the place was boiling over with fighting men. And in a few more moments the boys were in the patrol wagon on their way to police court.

There they asked for Inspector Shields, who identified them and had them released. As



In a few moments they were in the wagon.

he went to the door of the station house with them, he demanded: "So you weren't satisfied with the information I got you, eh?"

"I—I'm sorry, inspector," apologized Mickey. "But you see I gotta get Sunny back and that fella Toledo Tony—"

"Well," interrupted the inspector, "he's not around here. Now, take my advice. Go home and try to dig up another lead."



Inspector Shields had them released.

"I guess we'll hafta," replied Mickey, straightening his tie.

As they left their hotel and called a taxi, Mickey said miserably: "Tom, if Raviola hears we're after him, he'll be harder than ever to find. And so will Sunny."

"Yeah, I guess we gummed things up proper, pardner."

"The railroad station," said Mickey to the taxi driver.



"Follow that cab!"

An athletic-looking man who had been watching the boys called the next cab and gave the driver directions as he stepped into the machine: "Follow that cab! The one the two guys just left in."

"Okay, sir."

CHAPTER IX

A CLUE AT LAST

In the taxi on their way to the railroad station, Tom and Mickey had very little to say. They were disappointed that their Toledo trip had been unsuccessful and dissatisfied with their rather curt dismissal by the Toledo detective.

But the boys had not the slightest inkling that anyone was closely following them to the station.

In the pursuing cab the fare leaned forward to scold the driver: "Why didn't ya beat that light?" he snapped. "If ya lose 'em for me, I'll beat your head off!"

"We won't lose them, mister. They're going to the railroad



"Why didn't ya beat that light?"

station, or they wouldn't have come this way."

Tom and Mickey had just reached the ticket window, when Mickey again remarked: "And to think, Tom, that we came all the way out here for nothin'!"

"We ain't licked yet, Mickey," replied Tom, setting down his suitcase. "I gotta feelin'—"

"Tom Collins! Hey, *Tom Collins!*"



"Tom Collins! Hey, Tom Collins!"

The stranger had leaped from his taxicab and was hurrying toward the surprised young officers.

"Well, brand my cow!" yelled Tom, dashing halfway across the waiting room to meet the fellow. "If it ain't Sandy Hook!"

"Nobody else, sailor," replied Sandy, shaking hands vigorously. "I spotted ya leavin' the



"If it ain't Sandy Hook!"

hotel, and chased ya down here in a cab."

"Sandy and me was shipmates on the old U. S. *Badger*, Mickey," said Tom as he introduced his friends. "He was middleweight champion of the fleet."

"Glad to know ya," said Mickey.

"Same here," replied Sandy, grasping Mickey's hand.



"Glad to know ya," said Mickey.

“Are ya still in the fight game, Sandy?” inquired Tom when the first greetings were over.

“Naw. I quit two years ago. I’m bouncer at the Hi-Dee-Hi Night Club. But what about you? What brought you to Toledo?”

Tom told the story of Sunny’s disappearance and of their unsuccessful search for Toledo Tony. “His real name’s Rav-

iola," Tom explained, "but almost everybody calls him Toledo Tony."

"Say," interrupted Sandy excitedly, "one of the waiters at the club usta work for that guy when he ran a speakeasy here. He might know sumpin. Come on, boys!"

As quickly as a taxi could take them the three men were at the waiter's home, and his wife led

them to the man's bedroom, where he was asleep.

"Listen, Rocky," said Sandy after the fellow was half awake, "if ya know where Toledo Tony might be, why don't cha tell these guys? They're my friends."

"Nothin' doin'," protested Rocky sleepily. "I know when I'm well off. Gwan away and lemme sleep."



"Nothin' doin'," grunted Rocky sleepily.

The men went downstairs where they explained to Rocky's wife why they were trying to locate Toledo Tony. As they talked, the woman held her own small son closely in her arms. And when the story was ended, she said: "Wait here, please, while I talk with him."

Going to the bedroom, she reasoned with the sleepy man: "Suppose somebody had stole



"Wait here while I talk with him," she said.

our little Salvatore—wouldn't you want people to help us find him?"

"But, Rosie—"

Dropping the child on the bed, Rosie pushed her sleeves up to her elbows and said: "You'll tell 'em or I'll—"

"Okay, Rosie! Okay! Call 'em in."

When Tom, Sandy, and Mickey were again standing be-



"Okay, Rosie! Okay! Call 'em in."

side his bed, Rocky began: "There's a cabaret singer who has stuck with Toledo Tony through thick and thin. She probably knows where he is. If you can find her, you can locate him. The last I heard, she was singin' in some joint in Chicago."

"What's her name?"

"Let's see—her first name is Lily—but I forget the other. I'd



**"Let's see—her first name is Lily—
but I forget the other."**

know it if I heard it, though.”

Then Tom and Mickey began to rattle off names: “Smith, Jones, White, Brown, O’Brien, O’Toole.”

“It’s no use,” groaned Rocky at last. “I can’t remember—an’ it’s time that I was goin’ to work.”

The boys followed Rocky to the dining room of the Hi-Dee-Hi Club, and read names out of



The boys read names out of the directory.

the telephone directory: "Kirk, Kirkheimer, Lockhart, Loder, Lodge."

"Shay," interrupted an interested customer, "if you're playin' a game, I wanna play, too—hic!"

"Is this lush botherin' you fellas?" asked the manager of the club.

"That's it!" yelled Rocky.

"What?" demanded Tom.



"If you're playin' a game, I wanna play."

“Her name’s Lily Lush!”

The boys stopped a moment to tell the news to Sandy. “I don’t know how to thank you enough,” said Mickey, shaking the bouncer’s hand.

“Forget it! But you’d better step on it, if you’re gonna make the limited.”

“The railroad station—as fast as you can go!” shouted Mickey as the boys ran out to a cab.

They dashed to the ticket window, bought tickets, and ran for the train.

"It's pulling out now," the ticket seller called after them. But in a moment they were helping one another over the rear platform of the moving train.

Safely in their seats in the chair car, the boys reviewed the exciting incidents of the last few hours.

"I can't get over bumpin' into Sandy back there in Toledo," said Tom, when they had caught their breath.

"If only what his friend Rocky told us about Lily Lush is true!" said Mickey.

"He wasn't givin' us a bum steer, pardner. If we find her, we'll find Toledo Tony, too."

"We *gotta* find her. Tony's our only hope now."



They ran for the train.

“Have you figured out how we’re gonna start?”

“Not yet, but—”

“We’ll be in Chicago in a few minutes, gennemen. Does yo’ want a brush-off?” asked the car porter a few hours later.

The boys asked the colored fellow about finding Lily Lush, a cabaret singer. But the only suggestion he could make was that they look in the newspapers.



"Does yo' want a brush-off?"

"All dem hot spots advertise dere singers in de papers, suh," he said. "Mebbe yo' kin find her thataway."

"That's a good idea. Thanks," said Tom.

At the station news-stand they bought a copy of every Chicago newspaper and read the advertisements assiduously, but could find no mention of Lily Lush.

"I guess she must be singin' in



**At the station news-stand they bought a copy
of every Chicago newspaper.**

some little joint that don't advertise," said Tom after they had spent half an hour in fruitless search.

"Yeah," replied Mickey. "But I was just thinkin' as I read this hotel ad—see, Tom."

"Hotel Variety," Tom began to read aloud. "Reasonable rates. Catering especially to the theatrical profession."

"We gotta stop some place,"



"Hotel Variety," Tom began to read aloud.

Mickey said, "and somebody there might know where she is."

When they inquired at the desk before going up to their room, however, the clerk replied:

"No, sir. I never heard of her. But I can tell you most of the night clubs that employ entertainers—you can call them on the phone."

For hours the boys called club

ROOM CLERK



"No, sir, I never heard of her."

after club, but always received the same discouraging answer: "No, sir. Lily Lush doesn't sing here." Or "We never heard of the lady."

The boys then made a personal visit to many of the larger cabarets, but with no luck.

"It's no use, driver," said Mickey at last. "We've tried all the big places, so just take us to some of the smaller ones."



For hours the boys called club after club.

In one cabaret Tom would ask:

“What’s that singer’s name, waiter?”

‘Pansy Devine, suh.”

At another Mickey would inquire: “Her name ain’t Lily Lush, is it, waiter?”

“Naw, sir. She’s just Tillie Cohen—she’s the Belle of Blue Island.”

“It’s about like lookin’ for a



"Her name ain't Lily Lush, is it, waiter?"

needle in a haystack," said Mickey as the boys pushed their way through the door at the Hotel Variety.

"Yeah, but we're gonna keep tryin' just the same. We'll start again early tomorra."

"Tom," gasped Mickey, "over at the cigar counter—*look!*"

CHAPTER X

LILY LUSH IS LOCATED

As Mickey almost ran across the lobby to the cigar stand, a little fellow dressed in a gaily-colored topcoat with enormous checks rushed toward the young policeman.

“Nutsy Fagan!” shouted the young officer.

“Mickey!” cried the little fellow.

“But, Nutsy, I thought you were in Hollywood, makin’ another picture,” said Mickey as they shook hands.

“It’s finished. I’m makin’ a personal appearance here next week at the Bijou Theatre, with Mopey and Dopey. They’re upstairs. Come up and meet ’em, fellows.”



"Nutsy Fagan!" shouted the young officer.

In Nutsy Fagan's room the boys again related the story of their unsuccessful search for a cabaret singer named Lily Lush.

"Lily Lush!" repeated Dopey, glancing at Mopey.

"Why," Mopey chimed in, "she was in burlesque the same time we was—Nutsy knows her pretty well."

"Sure," replied Nutsy. "And Dave Klipp usta be her agent."



**"Why, Nutsy knows her pretty well,"
Mopey chimed in.**

And he's got an office right here in Chicago."

As Nutsy caught up the phone, Mickey inquired: "But would he be in his office now?"

"Sure! It's never too late to call a booking agent, Mickey. Hello, operator—gimme Dearborn 5050.

"Here's why I called you, Dave," said Nutsy when he had his man on the wire. "You re-



"Here's why I called you, Dave."

member Lily Lush? She usta book through your office, didn't she? . . . Well, where is she workin' now?"

With his feet in a comfortable position on his desk, the agent replied briefly:

"Yeah, Nutsy. But she's outa the show business now. She's runnin' a roadhouse up near Milwaukee."

"Izzatso, Dave?"



"She's runnin' a roadhouse in Milwaukee."

“Yeah—it’s right on the main highway. It’s called Lily’s Inn.”

When Tom and Mickey appeared at the hotel porter’s desk with their bags to check out, and told him where they were going, he exclaimed: “But you can’t get a train or a bus for Milwaukee until tomorrow morning!”

Outside the hotel, the boys said good-bye to Mickey’s old friend:



**"You can't get a train for Milwaukee
until tomorrow morning."**

"It's gonna cost you somethin' fierce, Mickey," Nutsy warned.

"But I can't wait until mornin', Nutsy," Mickey answered. "They may be holdin' Sunny right there. We just gotta be on our way."

Several hours later the taxi driver called back to Mickey, who was letting Tom use his shoulder for a pillow: "We're

gettin' close to Milwaukee now, boss."

"Okay. It's a roadhouse called Lily's Inn that we wanta go to," said Mickey quietly, not wishing to waken Tom. "Keep watchin' close 'cause its sign probably won't be lit up now."

"I'm watchin'!"

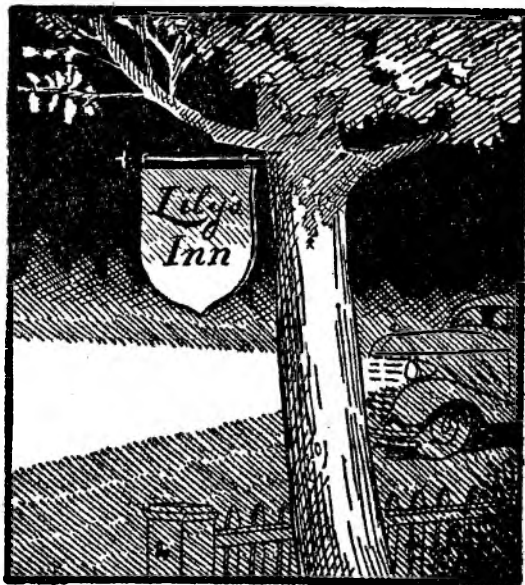
Presently the headlights of the taxi picked out the sign hanging from a tree: LILY'S INN.

"There it is, just ahead to the left!" exclaimed the taxi driver.

"Go right past it, driver, please," said Mickey, "and on into Milwaukee. I just thought of sumpin."

Twenty minutes later the driver stopped before a hotel and grinned as he pocketed his fare.

"That was a lot the longest haul I ever had, mister," he told



The headlights picked out the sign.

Mickey. "I sure wish you luck."

"Thanks. And I hope you get back to Chicago without any trouble," replied Mickey, as he led Tom into the lobby of the hotel.

"Say, this can't be Lily Lush's place," objected Tom sleepily. "This is a hotel, not a road-house."

"I know it, Tom. We passed her place about five miles out-



"I sure wish you luck," he told Mickey.

side the city. We'll get a room here and talk over what I think we'll hafta do."

They registered at the desk, and the room clerk said to the waiting bell hop:

"Take the gentlemen up to 411."

"Yassuh, boss," answered the grinning lad, taking the bags.

Up in their room the boys slept, then shaved and rested



"This can't be Lily's place," objected Tom.

some more while they discussed their next move.

After they dressed, they had lunch, then went to interview the manager of the Drive-It-Yourself Auto Renting Company.

“How long do you want to rent a car for?” he asked.

“Just for today—and maybe a while this evening,” replied Mickey.



"How long do you want to rent a car for?"

“Okay, mister.”

Tom took the steering wheel and drove back down the road toward Chicago.

“It was so dark when we passed it comin’ up that I couldn’t see what kind of a place it was,” remarked Mickey. “But we’ll see the sign, Lily’s Inn, pretty soon.”

“Don’t worry, pardner,” said Tom, “we can’t miss it. There



They drove back down the road.

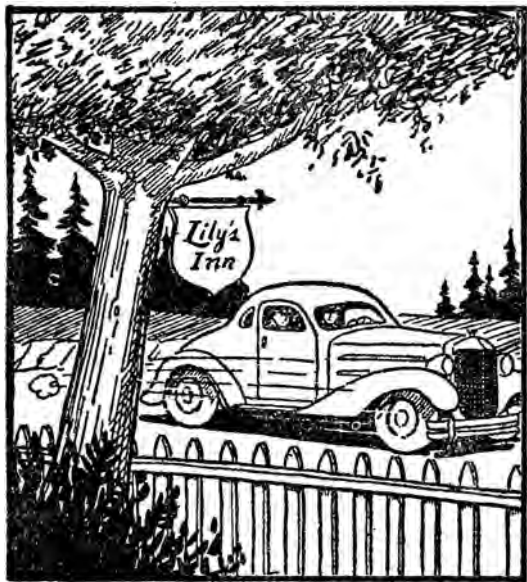
ain't so very many houses along here."

"There it is!" whispered Mickey, clutching Tom's arm.

"Sure enough! I'll drop you down the road a ways and then turn around and come back."

"I only wish that I could go in and talk to her with ya, Tom," said Mickey as he reluctantly climbed out of the car.

"It would just spoil our plan,



"There it is!" whispered Mickey.

Mickey. You don't look enough like a crook to fool anybody. Wait here. I'll be back before dark, I hope."

As Mickey slipped into a little grove of trees beside the highway and sat down on a big rock, Tom drove slowly back to the roadhouse, parked the car, and went inside.

Taking a seat at a table in the empty dining room, Tom looked



"So what'll it be for you, mister?"

up as the sullen-faced waiter asked:

“So what’ll it be for you, mister?”

“I wanna talk to Lily Lush!”

CHAPTER XI

"WE'RE STARTIN' HOME!"

While Mickey sat on the rock in the woods and fidgeted as night drew closer, Tom was in the roadhouse having a short talk with Lily Lush.

"What makes you think that I'd know where Tony is?" she demanded.

“Listen, Lily. I did a stretch one time in Atlanta with Tony, and he told me all about you.”

She still appeared reluctant to say anything definite, so Tom kept on:

“I gotta get in touch with him, see? I know sumpin he wants to know.”

“Well, okay,” said Lily after a minute’s thought. “I’ll get his address from his last letter—



**"What makes you think that I'd know
where Tony is?"**

wait here just a few minutes."

"Who's the guy, Lily?" asked the sullen-faced waiter as the girl started up the stairs.

"He says his name is Slim McCoy, Gus," she replied, "and he wants to get in touch with Tony."

When Lily stated her errand to three hard-faced bandits in an upper room, a hook-nosed fellow growled:



"Who's the guy, Lily?" asked the waiter.

"But I don't know no Slim McCoy, I tell you!"

"Then he must be a dick, Tony," retorted the girl. "I told you, Dixie, when Tony and Frankie brought the kid here that—"

"Shut up!" snarled Dixie Dixon. "We'll go down and take a gander at him."

It needed but one glance to satisfy Tony that the man who



"I don't know Slim McCoy, I tell you."

called himself Slim McCoy was an entire stranger—probably a police officer trailing him down.

At a signal, the three scoundrels jumped on Tom and overpowered him. Then Tony and Gus drove the parked car to the rear of the roadhouse, while in a back room Dixie tried to extort information from the prisoner.

Half an hour later, when



**They ran the parked car to the rear
of the roadhouse.**

Tony and Frankie went to the back room, they found Tom all but unconscious.

“Did he talk yet, Dixie?” inquired Frankie.

“Naw. He’s a tough guy and sure can take it,” grumbled the master gangster, pointing to Tom’s battered face and black eyes. “But we’ll work on him again when he comes to a little more.”



"Did he talk yet, Dixie?" inquired Frankie.

“Why waste th’ time?” demanded Tony nervously. “Somebody must know he was comin’ here. Let’s give him the works and head for Gertie’s place out in Kansas City.”

“Not until I find out from this guy who told him we might be here.”

“But lissen, Dixie. That car he was drivin’ was rented in Milwaukee. I found this card

in it just now. And when he don't drive it back pretty soon they'll—"

"They'll find it right in the ditch—and he'll be in it!"

Meanwhile, out in the woods Mickey was becoming exceedingly uneasy.

"It's almost pitch-dark," he murmured to himself. "Plenty dark enough for me to try it now."

Silently he stole out of the little grove, up the road, and across to the roadhouse. He found a tree near a corner of the building, and climbed it cautiously.

Clinging to the eaves with his left hand, he swung himself around the corner to a screened window.

In a moment the screen was removed and the young police-



"Plenty dark enough for me to try it now."

man crept in. As he dropped to the floor, he drew his revolver and glanced around.

"There's somebody else in this room," he whispered to himself. "I can hear 'em breathin' hard."

With revolver ready for use, he groped his way toward the frightened gasping. The intense darkness baffled him for a few moments; but soon his eyes be-



The young policeman crept in.

came accustomed to the blackness, and he saw the outlines of a bed—and on it a small boy staring at the intruder.

“Sunny!” gasped Mickey, sinking to his knees beside the bed.

“Mickey! Oh, I just knew you’d come!”

“Are you all right, Sunny? Have they—”

A footstep in the hall stopped



"Sunny!" gasped Mickey.

the question. Mickey tiptoed to the door, and as Lily entered, he placed a hand over her mouth, then quickly gagged her, and bound her in a chair.

Downstairs Frankie spoke: "Lil is bringin' the kid down. As soon as she does, we'll get in the car and scram."

"I'm goin' up and tell her to step on it," snarled Tony. "You and Dixie kin handle this guy."



Mickey placed a hand over her mouth.

"That's Tony talkin'," gasped Mickey as he peeped down the hallway. Then the racketeer came into the room, growling: "Hurry up with that kid, Lily. We're ready to blow. Say, why don't you turn on the light?"

Mickey struck with the butt of his revolver, and Tony, stunned and helpless, was soon bound and lying on the floor.

Then Mickey, gun in hand,



Mickey peeped down the hallway.

began to slip down the stairs. As Frankie and Dixie started for the outside door, shoving Tom along between them, Mickey halted them:

“Up with your hands, and don’t move!”

“Untie my hands, Mickey, so I can get their guns,” cried Tom, struggling to free himself.

“Face the wall, you guys, and keep your hands up!” ordered



Mickey began to slip down the stairs.

Mickey. A slash of his knife set Tom free, and soon the two bandits were tied securely.

"I've got Lily and Tony tied upstairs, Tom. And Sunny's there, too, all safe and sound. Now you'd better phone to the Milwaukee police."

Late that night as Tom, Sunny, and Mickey were about to turn in, Mickey's call to Lake Takanap was put through.



"Up with your hands and don't move!"

At the lake end of the wire were grouped Kitty, Mrs. Finn, Uncle Phil, and Larry King. They had just been having a conference with the police commissioner.

There were a thousand questions, but Mickey answered all of them easily in a few brief sentences:

"Yes, Kitty, tell the others we're all right. We arrested



"But how about Sunny?"

Toledo Tony, Frankie, a guy called Gus, and Lily Lush. And we also got Dixie Dixon!"

"But how about Sunny?"

"Sunny? Oh, yes, I almost forgot about him. Well, he's all right, too. And we're all startin' for home tomorra!"

THE END

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